18*

ANSWER TO
Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

O NELLY! no longer thy SANDY now mourn;
Let muſic and pleaſure
Abound, without meaſure;
Let muſic, &c.
O'er hillocks, or mountains, or low in the burn,
Or thro' the Wood, Laſſie, until thou return.

CHORUS.

Thro' the Wood, Laſſie; thro' the Wood, Laſſie;
Thro' the Wood, thro' the Wood,
Thro' the Wood, Laſſie;
O'er hillocks, or mountains, &c.

Since I have been abſent from thee, my dear NELL,
No content, no delight,
Have I known day or night,
The murmuring ſtream, and the hill's eccho, tell,
How thro' the Wood, Laſſie, I breath'd my ſad knell.
Thro' the Wood, &c.

But now to each ſorrow I bid an adieu,
And with joy, like a dove,
I'll return to my Love;
The maxim of loving in truth let us know;
Then thro' the Wood, Laſſie, we'll bonnily go.
Thro' the Wood, &c.

Come Lads, and come Laſſes, be blitheſome and gay,
Let your hearts merry be,
And both full of glee;
The Highlands ſhall ring with the joy of the day,
When thro' the Wood, happy, we dance, ſing, and play.
Thro' the Wood, &c.

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